

SHIRLEY GLUBKA

END INTO OPENING

**SIX SESTINAS
&
THEIR HUMBLE COMPANION POEMS**

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To the many serenely uncelebrated older poets

who persist

from sheer sturdy love of working with language

*It never ends, this dire need to know,
This need to see a diagram unfold
In silent angles, drawing in the sand,
This need to see a diagram achieve
Self-organizing equilibrium
Among the mica flakes and granite-crumbs,
This need to fill the universe with sand,
And all in play, with everything in play...*

—Gjertrud Schnackenberg

*Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions.
For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times...*

—John Ruskin

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PREFACE

I came of age as a poet/writer in the 1960s and 1970s, the era of the confessional poem, free verse, the second wave of feminism. We—the great "we" of those days—friends and lovers, communal households, leftist groups, women's groups, writing groups—were reading Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, Adrienne Rich, H.D., Denise Levertov. We wrote free verse. We did not consider—at least I did not—traditional forms.

Somewhere in the last ten or fifteen years I decided to try: a few sonnets, some triolets, villanelles, pantoums, ghazals. I felt stimulated, not constrained. I'll never give up free verse (never say never) and I love to make my own "nonce" forms, but I seem to have added another staple to my writing life: the joy of Old Forms. I think this development has something to do with aging. Also, of course, with trends in the world of poetry. The pendulum swings and traditional forms are resurrected. Shining with contemporary energies, they are welcomed into the complex mix of the Currently Acceptable. Freedom is replaced by—or tucked into; or further freed by—form.

But what might I mean, I ask myself, by connecting this shift in my writing life to aging? I ponder, and ideas arrive:

1) Persistence requires something new. What is new for my generation of poets is The Old.

2) Perspective, after decades, widens. What was scorned is caught sight of again and looks, from the broader angle, quite intriguing.

3) Outpouring of the spontaneous slows or ceases. So much has already been spilled.

4) It becomes strangely comforting to have a railing to hold onto as one walks—or a set of railings, one for each hand, and a path in place before the walk begins. I have felt this especially with the sonnet: the meter, the line length, the rhyme scheme, all given. A certain security results. Along the way: glimpses of the unpredicted, if it's a good day for walking.

5) An oddly intuitive element might be discovered at the heart of the iron necessity of Form itself. This has been my experience especially with the sestina, a form based entirely on a preset pattern of "end-words." At the end of an unwritten line one stalwart word waits. I must go toward that word and no other. I have no idea in mind, only that word. I move forward, word by new word, knowing only that what I write has to connect to the end-word. And then the next line. I associate this unpredictable (but dictated) process with a paradoxical state in the aging mind: there is "nothing left to say"; yet everything waits—still—to

be expressed. So much of the "confessional" has been written; so much of the troublesome and challenging has been worked into the language of poetry and thereby both saved and released; some sort of "voice" was found long ago. Much work on the levels of language and psyche has thereby been done. What remains is the moment, behind which breathes an active and ever-filling mind and an ongoing intense love of the working-with-language that poetry is. That active and ever-filling mind is quite an imp now. It jumps here and there, gathers and scatters. It is opinionated and it is wide open. What the intuitive process of language-pulled-along-by-form leads to is revelation: to the poet herself. Look what was *in* there this week, this month, this decade. Or this lifetime.

Finding the Sestina

I hadn't even heard of the sestina until, a year or so ago, I discovered a video of Frank Bidart reading what was at the time his one and only sestina. Introducing the poem meant introducing the audience to the sestina. Bidart said: "The form is about how things recur in an iron order, but you can't decipher the order when you're in the middle of it. What you feel are these words coming back obsessively but you're not quite sure *when* they're going to come back. You don't feel instinctively what the next thing is you're going to land on." He compared the form to life.

Well, yes.

The sestina pattern—based on the "end-word" of each line of the six-line stanzas—has none of the easy predictability of rhyme schemes like abab, cdcd, etc. There is nothing obvious or simple to help a reader or listener gather it up and hold it in the mind.

Take a quick look at the pattern for placing the six end-words:

Stanza 1: ABCDEF

Stanza 2: FAEBDC

Stanza 3: CFDABE

Stanza 4: ECBFAD

Stanza 5: DEACFB

Stanza 6: BDFECA

Stanza 7 is a half-stanza (the envoi or tornada): ECA or ACE

The order cannot be readily deciphered at a glance or even through quick intuitive leaping but it is there, it is not random. I once heard this pattern described as a folding: a folding of language over and into itself. I thought of pastry dough folded in strict pattern, holding its filling with confidence. I had to try it. With language, not pastry.

How I Wrote These Poems

Some famous poet, asked how he wrote his poems, said he just tries to get to the end of the line. He wasn't talking about writing in any particular form, but what he said fits my experience of writing sestinas perfectly. Here is how it went:

1) I would decide to write a sestina.

2) I waited. (I was waiting for my six end-words.)

3) A day would come, a moment, when the six words seemed near. I closed my eyes. The end-words came, one by one. I wrote them down. Did they tell me what my poem would be "about"? They did not. Mystery ruled. But I filled in a schema on my computer, showing myself the final words of each of the thirty-nine lines—six six-line stanzas and a final three-line stanza. The iron form for this particular sestina-to-be was thereby laid out. I could look at it. Very satisfying. (See the appendix for an example of such a scheme.)

4) I visited my six end-words. I sat and looked at them. I did this many times. Days passed; or weeks; months. *Writing* a sestina did not seem possible.

5) The moment arrived: an impulse to begin. I wrote the first line, thinking only of getting to the end-word, which was waiting in its iron necessity. And then the second line, a different word waiting. Line by line, stanza by stanza, I wrote, always heading to the designated end-word, generally intrigued by what I was writing down; *wondering* at it; wondering, too, where it might be that this "poem" was going; following. A draft would materialize this way—usually over a period of days or at most a couple of weeks. Each time: amazement on the part of the poet.

6) Of course there was revision. But the end-words were unchangeable.

Before or after the writing of a sestina, for relaxation and relative ease, I wrote a shorter poem using that sestina's end-words—no rules, no iron form, except that all six words had to be somehow used. Thence came the "humble companion poems," one for each sestina.

*Prospect, Maine
Summer, 2014*

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THE POEMS

**SAND
CURVE
GLASS
WIND
TRANSPARENT
WIDE**

**ANT-HIGH (SESTINA)
&
WITH SKY, SEA, AND NO HOUSE OR BARN (COMPANION)**

Ant-high

If we have removed all but the sand
and the sea's curve
and one thin angled woman viewed through bare glass—
if we have removed even the wind
and the air is unwrinkled, with the look of the clear, the transparent,
and we still dare to claim for the world something substantive, wide—

if we run out on little legs, ant-like, traversing the wide
realm of woman-held sand
(and the sky quite nearly transparent
revealing the curve
of the held-back wind)
and if we, ant-high, catch a single grain claiming its future as glass,

feel the heat of the furnace of fate, watch the grain turning and curving to glass,
see it lying there, shining, ecstatic, exhausted, alone on the wide
stretch of sand among plainer grains who wish for a bit of a wind
and a stir into wavelets but they are mere sand
set against sea—a sea with its curve
and its own aspirations toward the shining, ecstatic, transparent—

but it is crowded, busy with life, not transparent,
it holds the whole drama, it will never be glass,
it is host to creatures who eat, swim, and strive, each with its own curve
messing the meaning the sea wants for itself, the coveted clarity wide
and withholding, controlling the shape of the sand
and claiming the right to the dance, the transformative dance with the wind—

but neither was it, that wind,
such a sample of Being, transparent—
it was chock-full of equally hungry existents as it rushed over sea, over sand,
and was flummoxed by glass,
and though it knew more of the wide
and strange stretches of earth than the sand, or even the sea with its curve,

it could not claim to be limpid or infinite, could not whirl past the curve
of containment, it was only a disheveled time-bound old wind
tangled in with the rest of us, not as wide
as it wanted to be, nor as keen, and far from transparent,

now banished behind a great sheet of glass
that can hold a great force and never itself devolve back to sand—

but, lo—

if the thin angled woman is stopped in her crawl over this wide stretch of sand—
if we, ant-high, ignoring the noise of the sea, are transfixed by one grain of eternal curved glass—
if the worrying wind is held: existence—bursting! silent! substantive!—dances transparent.

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With Sky, Sea, and No House or Barn

—after Andrew Wyeth's "Christina's World"

The grass might be sand with the same
earth's curve, and Christina—
thin, angled in pink, durable as glass—

and this absence of wind—
and this cleansed lens, transparent—
and this world weathered, mute and wide.

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**WORD
THERE
REST
RED
GREEN
STORM**

**METAMORPHOSIS OF THE WORD (SESTINA)
&
ABANDONED DICTIONARY (COMPANION)**

Metamorphosis of the Word

In the beginning was the word... (John, 1:1)

This was a tidy and well-informed word.
It knew where words went to be heard. It knew to go there.
But where might it go if in need of a rest?
Where could it hide from the strenuous red
of its need to be heard? From the tree-tossing green?
Could it shelter away from that storm?

One day it learned. Saved in a cave, away from the storm,
it curled in on itself and it slept. It was only a word,
and a young word at that. It was tired and frightened and green.
Did it dream? Did the dream take it there—
there where its origins played, happy, hard-breathing, bright red,
while the mother of words, the unbothered practical one, took her rest?

Are all words essentially young? After they play, must they rest?
Away from the cave is there ever and always a storm?
Is there never a clearing, a blue sky, a sunset pure red?
Is it only in caves that the mother can sleep while her word
is curled in on itself, tidily limp, deep in dream, over there?
Was the green in the little word's dream an innocent emerald green?

There are conditions, rare and prolonged, for the making of emerald green.
Think of the depth, the decision, the matrix where molecules form during rest
as the crystal of meaning comes into being, protected. Was it there,
in first forming, that the seed of the need to be heard came to be? There, that the storm,
relentless and red at its core, tree-tossing green in its reach, entered the word?
Quick now: take a bucket of paint. Over the seed, à la Pollock, strew paint-strings, blood-red.

But why do such a thing and why use a substance so brutally red?
Why are we skewing the scene? Whence come these slashes of critical green?
Where in this queer reconstruction might we locate our shape-shifted word?
Were we deluded, dreaming of caves and of emeralds, eons of rest?
Must we send the word out, away from the mother, into the tree-tossing storm
of the need to be heard? But even the storm is disturbed by the paint splattered there.

Did the word itself, inward-turned, invite and incite? Was it there,
from the depths of the word's own dream, that the cry for an alien red,
red flung from another, an external storm,

and even the plea for an unfriendly, critical green—
whatever would interrupt, quickly, the depths of the rest
in the cave of retreat—could be heard? The call we heard came from the word?

And we answered! We are the ones poured the paint, red and green.
We stormed into the cave, dared to go there, slashed through eons of rest.
How wondrous this was. And how stirringly strange for the changed and the finally untidy word.

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Abandoned Dictionary

All the words rest there—
red rectangle in green grass.
Summer storm coming.

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**MATTER
PINNED
POINTED
SHEETS
STAYED
EDGE**

**THE WRESTLE (SESTINA)
&
UNTIL DAYLIGHT (COMPANION)**

The Wrestle

Here are the past and the present, a double-roped hard-pulsing knot. Does it matter what hides at the core of the knot? Can we even guess what is there, pinned? Into the darkness we peer, determined of will, mind-chiseled, hard-pointed. There she sits, the world's smallest wrestler, after her loss. Two white sheets flutter and settle over her shoulders. The crowd should have stayed for the sight of the woman, so tiny, so tended, so gently pulled back from the edge.

Who knew the knot was a heart? But didn't we guess, approaching the edge? Didn't we cringe? Didn't we whisper? *Something's the matter at the core of the twist.* I think we said that. I think we quaked and stayed a bit distant, though we'd already dreamt of the wrestler, dreamt her pinned to the floor at the core of the double-roped knot while the twin sheets waited for work, hung on the arm of the Comforter, and the spectators pointed.

But that was a dream. Now she's real. Does she know she's appointed our own little wrestler? Does she know her defeat is our own as we peer from the edge of the ring into the heart, the double-roped knot? Or that those sheets will be pounded and twisted as Time turns to Matter? Does she know she'll be once again straddled and pinned, and by us? That she's never alone? That we stayed?

Was it wisdom or crime, that we stayed?
Why are the questions so thorny, so motley-pointed?
Did she seduce us? Coax us in? Want again to be pinned?
When she was (after the crowd left) pulled from the edge,
what lay there, still waiting? When did Time turn to Matter?
And what does that mean? And why is the rain inside now, coming down sheets?

Let's go back to the flutter and settling of untwisted white sheets.
Let's conjure the tiny wrestler's bent old Comforter. She should have stayed at least for the scene in which Time turned to Matter, solidified, offered no exit. Is she willing to come for us? Is she appointed our Comforter, too? The enigmatic old face beckons us up, over the edge into the ring. We climb right in. Somehow we want this. Do *we* need to be pinned?

It was a brief tussle. The tiny one flipped us. In a trice we were pinned to the floor of the core of the heart-knot. We laughed. Defeat was relief. The sheets fluttered and settled over our shoulders. The Comforter left us next to the edge. Of course we wish even now that the old wrinkled one could have stayed.

We want sheets unpounded, untwisted. But we are appointed
Fate's minions and we are now tiny. We wrestled. We settled for Time and for Matter.

It isn't so bad: to have settled thus after the tiny one pinned us, to have stayed
at the edge of the ring after defeat, to have been thus appointed.
We sit in our sheets and knit while they wrestle: kind Time and firm-knotted old Matter.

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Until Daylight

In the unruly unmeaning matter of midnight sheets
awry limbs askew mind pinned the appointed sliver
of spirit slips past the edge stays nearby hovers
uncertain as a sea-borne summer wind.

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**THOUGHT
SPACE
LINE
SILVER
BLACK
WORN**

**INSTINCTIVE BEHAVIORS IN THE KNOWN WORLD (SESTINA)
&
[I THOUGHT A STONE] (COMPANION)**

Instinctive Behaviors in the Known World

If I were a spider I'd spin a silken thread. I'm human. I'll spin a thought and toss one end of it away. A gentle breeze might carry it through space and on the other side of space (how wide? how limited?) the line might catch. A spider's thread will have the luck, why not my line? And both turn silver in the near-full moon's essential light against a backdrop of a night so black the spider and her imitator, I, will wonder at the contrast, the design. We'll be work-worn

and take a breather then. But no. I'm the one by single thought work-worn. She'll scurry out across her sturdy silken line (she's made it taut) without a thought and while she's running spin a second looser line that dares to sag into the black, the night that frames the moon. I'll watch her work and try to learn her use of space. She travels down her new line but half-way. At centerpoint she drops a silver thread, her third. She's working now toward her complexity, line by half-line.

And I? I'm staring at that moon. It won't go whole tonight. Invisible, it seems, the line from mind to moon, but it makes a ready path for us, well-traveled, deeply worn. We love the moon but call it cold, this sky-rock white of surface casting silver sheen, transforming objects lying on the earth. It pulls against whatever thought the poet thinks is hers and yet extends that thought across a larger space than if the night could only, lightless, lacking white, pulse down pure black.

My spider is a good geometer. Her web is framed by symmetry against night's black. Does she know this? Inside the symmetry she spins and crosses line by line the lines she's spun before, but always with a looser second line that sags in space and won't go taut until she tells it to. She gets her web. She uses it until it's worn and then, quite likely, eats it. I wonder if I've ever eaten any part of any thought of mine that's frayed beyond the point of use, or if I might insist it's silver

still, I in my pride, and refuse to eat, digest, discard. Deluded, seeing silver shining out against my own dark night's deep holy black, might I be clinging to my web, pretending prey to catch, reducing thought to what it's ever been, reworking line and line and line until the deep design itself is ground to dusty nothing, so outworn it cannot resurrect, revivify, or spray its few fresh filaments out into space

where further thought would further lines spin out for crossing into further space and then retrace until design from nothingness might once again emerge, a silver vision floating to the edges of infinity? And would the new design, worn to fraying majesty, want, like the spider's web, to be consumed? In the black

of moonless night might I return upon a breeze, blessed and carried by a single line,
and finally agree to feast on what I find out there, my own exhausted thought

caught in space by my, though cherished, outworn web, web inside web, black
now, not silver, wrapped to smothering by careful line linked evermore to careful line?
Shall I sit beside my spider then, laughing while we chew our tasty bits of damaged web and thought?

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[I thought a stone]

I thought a stone
and thought the stone must hold
and thought the thingness held
must know
inside the stone.

Next came to me a shape
more empty than the universe.
All space filled the empty shape
and every line would travel there.
Silver was the sense of things that day.

A necessary shadow, nearly seen,
thin as lines, and worn,
grows hard around the silver sense of things,
but let us not fear black.
Inside the stone / is known.

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**SOUND
THEN
ECHO
NOT
WHEEL
FIRE**

**A GOD OF GENTLE ENDINGS CAME TO ME (SESTINA)
&
IN THE END, A PLAIN AND STEADY FATE (COMPANION)**

A God of Gentle Endings Came To Me

I wonder how it comes, the stretched and straightened sound
that pulls the timid soul along an untamed set of lines and then
in avid generosity, but lacking reason, pulls again, an echo
of its own original, and progresses to a set of echoes, not
stopped by shifts that curl thought to a wheel.
A wheel can pull the soul as well. A wheel can spin itself to fire.

Shakespeare's Lear was bound upon a wheel of fire.
His tears like molten lead fell there. I hear the sound,
the scalding sound, salt water falling on the fiery wheel.
Poor Old Lear, daughter-deceived, caught in his mind's own tangle then—
like Ixion, god-punished for his untamed goddess-lust, not
spared, wheel-bound, and burning in the skies. His cries, eternal, echo.

But what has all of that to do with me? Is there inside my soul an echo
of such things? Have I confused and crazed myself, or reached too high? Is there a fire
flaming near, a thing I've failed to feel or hear? Have I not
listened with sufficient care to what is given me? Is there a sound
within, or farther out, where I decline to take myself? And if I went, what then?
Am I to bind myself against the rim of my own fiery wheel?

Is it the fire that calls to me? Is it the wonder of an eye-rimmed wheel?
Ezekiel seems to stand beside me now, prophetic ghost, echo
of a time when gods revealed themselves in fiery storms and then
demanded things of puny humans. Among the living visions, flames of fire
moved. Ezekiel, amazed, fell flat, was pulled upright. Then came the stormy sound
of God and Ezekiel must listen to him rant, unable then to listen not.

He ate the scroll where ranting word was writ. He thought it would be bitter. It was not.
He saw the wheels, all four, and wheels within. Each was a steady, faithful wheel,
holding its given place, and yet it moved as asked, a dance. Loud sound
came with the rising wings of cherubim, loud as God. Ezekiel listened. An echo
entered him. He got dry bones to rise up, take flesh again, take spirit. The fire
of a God was in a man. Those were strange days. But I live now, not then.

I ask and ask again: what's this to me? I tell myself a thing or two, then
shrink back to my proper size, or what I think is proper to my tameness. I'm not
a woman who's inclined to dramatize. I'm not quite made to enter fire.
Or is it that my fire's cool? Can cool sparks move a wheel within a wheel?

Ezekiel got water in the end. A trickle at the start, an early echo of his given river, a river that would freshen the salt sea. This was new sound.

He listened to the river. He heard seeds stir along its banks, a subtle sound, and wondered at the trees that grew then from the seeds. He turned and heard an echo of his god. No fire burned. Ezekiel heard the gentle whirring of a wheel within a wheel.

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In the End, a Plain and Steady Fate

i.

Sound. Then echo.
Not a wheel. Not a fire.

ii.

Enough is found
on this sweet ground:
no wonder, no woe
after the show
but a good hot meal
since it's part of the deal
and nothing dire,
no fall from the wire.

iii.

Listen at midnight: just a sound and its echo.
No great wheel, no last fire.
Take as it comes this simple desire
for a walk in the dark under stars.

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**GOLD
HILL
CRY
FORM
COOL
END**

**EVERY MIND CONSIDERED MYSTICAL (FOR WHICH, GREAT GRATITUDE) (SESTINA)
&
THE CRY (COMPANION)**

Every Mind Considered Mystical (For Which, Great Gratitude)

I didn't see myself as grizzled prospector, seeker of gold,
but here I am, climbing this hill
and the cry
of the hunt in the sky is the form
that calls to me from the female eagle out of the cool
aether that will haunt my strangeness to the end.

You will argue that I cannot foresee the end.
I will counter with my grizzled female knowledge. I know gold.
Besides, the day is strangely sumptuous, cool,
and these legs, though old, are made to take on such a hill
against a sky that sends forth such a form
as that aethereal otherness, the female eagle's cry.

You will argue for a rougher downward path and a different cry
from a humbler species, all leading to a brambled end
where after stooping, staying, panning at a hidden stream whose form
will glimmer, shift, and trick before it gives up bits of mudded gold
I might be ready to ascend the mystic hill.
I will respond with my clean if grizzled wisdom, cool.

I will say the gold I seek cannot be found down where cool
but feeble streams run over muddy bottoms and the only cry
comes from a humble species, servile, bent, unfit for life beyond this hill.
I am too old to tolerate the low long path of panning while I stoop. My end
will come upon me soon and I must grasp aethereal gold
before the changes take me, giving new and unknown form.

Form unknown and gold still sought! And yet I claim to know the gold. Its form
is anchored in my thought. I recognize the mystic metal, molten, almost cool,
that calls as if from somewhere distant. It is the strange gold
of the soul itself. It shifts and tricks—seductive, unlocated—sending out its icy cry
as if with wingéd eye it sees but scatters still. It tells of what is at the end
of this bold climb up this familiar, finally returned-to hill.

This is a high but kindly hill, a philosophical old hill
with rounded rocks for resting of old bones, and friendliness of form.
It grows sweet grasses and accepts a slant from sun rays at the end
of its unending days. It has old apple trees, much gnarled, for cool

of shade along the way and gently holds the female eagle's icy cry
in warm and palmy indentations here and there. It, too, knows gold.

*And so the poem finds its end as if it comprehends the gold
it cannot fully know, or finally. It climbs an old, old hill and claims an old, old cry
and takes a form of strange repose inside a mind, though mystical, congenitally cool.*

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The Cry

i.

To see in the sky
at the center of the self

(every self)
(every center)

two golden spirals
in motion entwined

end into opening
each into other

eternal and mortal
the end the beginning

and the hill in the distance
the form, the relief

and the god descending
to cool delight

and the two golden spirals
in motion entwined.

ii.

This was to be a poem about the expansion
of human knowledge,
the paradoxical ongoing pregnancy of it,
the never-giving-birth,
an amazement, not monstrous.

This was to be a poem about certainty of scale,

how it turns,
and the wobbly little species, ours,
the tiny human mind,
backward travels, shrinking.

This was to be a poem about decentering a species,
a paradoxical process in which a speck explodes.
Then came the golden spirals,
and the god descending,
the cool and unexpected delight, the cry of wonder.

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Appendix: About the Sestina

The sestina is a 39-line form (six 6-line stanzas plus a seventh half-stanza). There are no requirements for the kind or number of feet in a line—no pattern like iambic pentameter, for example—and there is no rhyme scheme. All lines of all stanzas end in one of six "end-words" (designated here as A, B, C, etc.) and there is a strict order for the appearance of the end-words, different for each stanza:

1. ABCDEF
2. FAEBDC
3. CFDABE
4. ECBFAD
5. DEACFB
6. BDFECA
7. (envoi) ECA or ACE

(The envoi, sometimes known as the tornada, must also include the remaining three end-words, BDF, somewhere in the course of the three lines—so that all six recurring words appear in the final three lines.)

You can see that the end-word for the last line of the first stanza becomes the end-word for the first line of the second stanza. This happens throughout poem: the final word of a stanza becomes the final word of the first line of the next stanza.

That's easy to see on the page. Then the pattern complicates, while remaining severely consistent. The second line of a stanza ends with the end-word of the first line of the previous stanza. The third line ends with the end-word of the fifth line of the previous stanza. The fourth with the previous stanza's second. The fifth with the previous stanza's fourth. The sixth line ends with the end-word of previous stanza's third line.

So: the end-words from the outer lines of a stanza are pulled up for use in the first lines of the next stanza. The end-words from the innards of a stanza are pulled down and become final words of the final lines of the following stanza.

Frank Bidart thinks of this as a sort of cross-stitching. I think of it as a simultaneous folding and unfolding that I love but certainly cannot keep in mind. I need to lay it all out, see it, obey it as I write. Here is what I used for the final sestina:

End-words for "Every Mind Considered Mystical (For Which, Great Gratitude)"

A - gold
 B - hill
 C - cry
 D - form
 E - cool
 F - end

<p>Stanza 1</p> <p>ABCDEF</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • gold • hill • cry • form • cool • end 	<p>Stanza 2</p> <p>FAEBDC</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • end • gold • cool • hill • form • cry 	<p>Stanza 3</p> <p>ECBFAD</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • cry • end • form • gold • hill • cool
<p>Stanza 4</p> <p>ECBFAD</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • cool • cry • hill • end • gold • form 	<p>Stanza 5</p> <p>DEACFB</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • form • cool • gold • cry • end • hill 	<p>Stanza 6</p> <p>BDFECA</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • hill • form • end • cool • cry • gold
<p>Stanza 7 (envoi)</p> <p>ECA</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • cool • cry • gold 	<p>OR: Stanza 7</p> <p>ACE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • gold • cry • cool 	<p>Somewhere in the final three lines use the remaining words: hill, form, end.</p>

